Jan. 1. 1793.

FAREWEL

TO

LONDON.

A SATIRICAL POEM.

By N. WITHY, the Wandering Bard.

To which is added,

A LOVE LETTER,

AND A

Humourous Chriſtmas Carol.

Fly trifling Pamphlets, while I ſing,
And Three good Halfpence to me bring,
The Muſe goes from me in a Flutter,
When I've got nothing for my Supper,
But when ſhe hears my Pocket chink,
She will inſpire me while I drink,
So by her Conduct now I know,
'Tis Money makes the Mare to go.

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in 1792.

FAREWEL *to* LONDON.

TUNE—FAREWEL to *Lochabar.*

TO London farewel, I muſt bid thee adieu,
Thy dirty meanders no more I'll review,
Likewiſe to thy ſtreets, to thy allies, and lanes,
Thy courts, and thy corners, with comical names;
I ſuppoſe at the firſt they were given in ſport,
Such as crook ſhank alley, and bandy legg'd court,
But the tender Cockneys, who riſe to much fame,
Come out of Smock-alley, or Petticoat-lane.
Old Smithfield, ſo famous for acting the cheat,
From thee I would wiſh ever for retreat,
From noiſe and from bullies that drink upon ſcore,
From blackguards and bull-dogs, and bullocks that roar,
From drivers of calves, and the ſtealers of ſheep,
From ramblers and gamblers that play very deep,
For there is no ſafety for thoſe that ſtay here,
Not even the while they are drinking their beer.
One day as I wander'd, I ſuddenly came
Into that ſweet place they call Rotemary-lane,
Here females ſell breeches, old coats and old frocks,
Old ſkirts, old ſhirts, and old remnants of ſmocks;
Cold pieces of pudding, old pattens and clogs,
Cold fiſhes on diſhes, both mackarel and cods,
Old hats and old caps, and old lockets of hair,
Old rags and old bags, I ne'er ſaw ſuch a fair.

Good-bye hackney coachmen, throughout all the wards,
I give you the pref'rance o'er all ſorts of guards,
St. Giles's I own are a more ancient crew,
But they are too mean to be ſorted with you;
At ev'ry manœuvre you're grown ſo compleat,
You're refraining from lies, and refuſing to cheat,
Makes me much admire, your tribe I revere,
So here's to your health in a bumper of beer.

Sweet Billingſgate women, I own with regret,
I'm leaving the town very much in your debt,
Your modeſt behaviour and muſical cries,
Your delighting in truth and refraining from lies,
Made me in love with you, I own it is true,
It is with reluctance I'm going from you,
Yet do not grieve for me nor make any din,
But comfort your hearts with good brandy or gin.

Of Weſtminſter Abbey I'll now take my leave,
A place that ſtill records the bold and the brave,
Tis a chriſtian temple moſt people do know,
But now 'tis polluted by way of a ſhow;
The tombs of the greateſt in this edifice,
Make all that review them pay ſixpence a piece,
They were fond of taxes before they came here,
But when dead the exaction appears very quere.

Farewel to the bridges, the docks, and the keys,
The rattling of coaches, and jargon of drays,
And to the coal boxes, that gurd on the floors,
The gurgling of pulleys and ſlamming of doors;
Such rattling and crackling, ſuch noiſe and ſuch din,
While one Cockney goes out and another comes in,
They ſtill keep the tap room in ſuch diſſonance,
Their folly exceeds all the bounds of romance.

If you'd know a Cockney, his hat is cock'd ſtiff,
His jaws very lank, and his countenance dark,

His ſhins ſomewhat crook'd, his joints very ſlack,
A bend in his ſhoulders, and hump on his back;
He looks very bold as he paſſes by,
He waddles and ſtraddles, and prates like a pye,
And when he's well frizzl'd and dreſt like a beau,
If down in the country, he'd do for a ſhow.
How London was peopl'd I leave you to read,
Moſt nations in Europe here boaſt of their breed,
There's ſome are from Dublin, and others from Cork,
Some from Londonderry, and others from York;
Some Scotchmen came likewiſe at time of need,
Theſe never gang back when they march o'er the Tweed;
Some Danes and ſome Dutchmen, ſome Spaniards from Cales,
Some Frenchmen from Paris, and Taffies from Wales.
Here Turks and Armenians each other do greet,
And natives of Egypt appear in the ſtreet,
Some from the dominions of the preſent Pope,
And ſometimes a few from the Cape of Good Hope;
From all points of the compaſs, and parts of the globe,
Make London fair city their place of abode;
Theſe ſtrengthen the Cockneys, and nouriſh the breed,
Or there would be ſtrange deſolation indeed!
I would ſing of Bedlam, tho' it is in vain,
The ſight of theſe lunatics adds to my pain,
Some playing with feathers, or plaiting of ſtraws,
Some dumb and quite mute, and ſome crumming their jaws,
Some whiſtling and fiſling and thumping the floor,
Some calling for drink while they knock at the door,
Such ſcenes of diſtreſs I have ne'er ſeen before,
So Bedlam farewel, I will ſee you no more.
Still more might be added if I'd time to ſtay,
But the ſmoke of the city compels me away,

One moment of ſilence is very rare,
I long much to breathe a more wholeſomer air;
I'll find no more fault with their chalks and their ſcores,
The bawling of watchmen and ſqualling of whores,
I long to retire from ſuch a vile crew,
So London for ever, and ever adieu.

A Love Letter.

WHEN bluſt'ring winds and ſturdy ſtorms are o'er,
Shall Flora riſe and deck the fields once more,
I wiſh to trip the green when you draw near,
Lie by your flocks and guard them all the year
With oaten reed I'd charm the vocal grove,
You ſhall be there becauſe 'tis you I love,
My pen has aſk'd a Queſtion here you'll find,
Dear Sally anſwer it, do be ſo kind.

A new faſhioned Chriſtmas Carol.

TO THE TUNE OF—CATHERINE OGEE.

YOU chriſtmas keepers of renown,
When you go to the barrel,
Bring up a cup that's fine and brown,
For him that ſings this carol;

I muſt declare I'm very dry,
I find my ſpirits ſinking,
But they revive immediately,
The moment I am drinking.

My chief delight's to roam about,
And daily aſk a favour,
I own I've work enough at home,
But I am loth to labour;
This is the uſual time of year
That people lay a ſtock in,
So I hope you won't let it be ſaid
That I came here for nothing.

I do not mind your nice mince pies,
Your ſauces or your jelly,
I'd rather have ſome good roaſt beef,
To fill my empty belly;
Some ſolid pudding or ſome veal,
Some vinegar and muſtard,
For I have no ſweet teeth at all,
I don't delight in cuſtard.

Of Chriſtmas cake I would partake,
I like it when I wander,
I dearly love a good roaſt gooſe,
Or bit of a plump gander;
Your pigeon pies and ven'ſon fries,
Are what I don't deſire,
But apple ſauce, and good roaſt pork,
I very much admire.

Don't let me ſtand to ſhiver here,
I'm not a common beggar,
But when I've got my belly full,
You'll ſmile to ſee me ſwagger;

I will not teaze, give what you pleaſe,
And I will ſoon retire,
But yet I rather would walk in,
And ſit down by the fire.

Pray do not think that I intrude,
I ſcorn that appellation,
I always ſtrive ſtill to behave
According to my ſtation;
Out of a northern clime I came,
I did live once at Flushing,
Yet I defy the world to ſay
That I am prone to blushing.

If you have any bits or ſcraps
Of rabbit, fowl, or capon,
I like ſuch morſels very well,
With a raſher of good bacon;
I long to put my cogs to work,
And ſet my mill a going,
For I feel when I have nought to grind,
My ſorrows overflowing.

Theſe common carol ſingers are
My utter deteſtation,
They kick religion out of doors,
And quite degrade the nation;
I think they never can deſerve
The ſmalleſt eſtimation,
Becauſe theſe mongrels every way
Diſhonour their creation.

Such paltry fellows I deſpiſe,
I hate their vulgar notion,
The paths of honour they ſha'n't tread,
Nor ever gain promotion;

Their filth is ſuch, I would not touch
Them with my little finger,
I'll let them know, before I go,
'Tis I'm the carol ſinger.

Like Triſtram Shandy fain I'd write,
You know that he was queer,
But I find indeed I cant't proceed,
Till I have got ſome beer;
Altho' I find ſuch faults with them,
With you I'll never quarrel,
But if I may, I'll freely ſtay,
Till you have ſtoop'd the barrel.

I dearly love to ſit and chat
By a fire that burns clear,
With a good lunchin in my hand,
And a jug of Chriſtmas beer;
Then I'd conceit myſelf compleat,
Nor no more aſk to wander,
But think myſelf as great a man
As the Great Alexander.

I wiſh you a merry Chriſtmas, ſirs,
And plenty of good cheer,
Likewiſe I wiſh you health and ſtrength,
Each new revolving year;
May each kind ſeaſon multiply
Your unexhauſted ſtore,
And fortune grant all that you want,
Till time ſhall be no more.

22 JY 69

FINIS.